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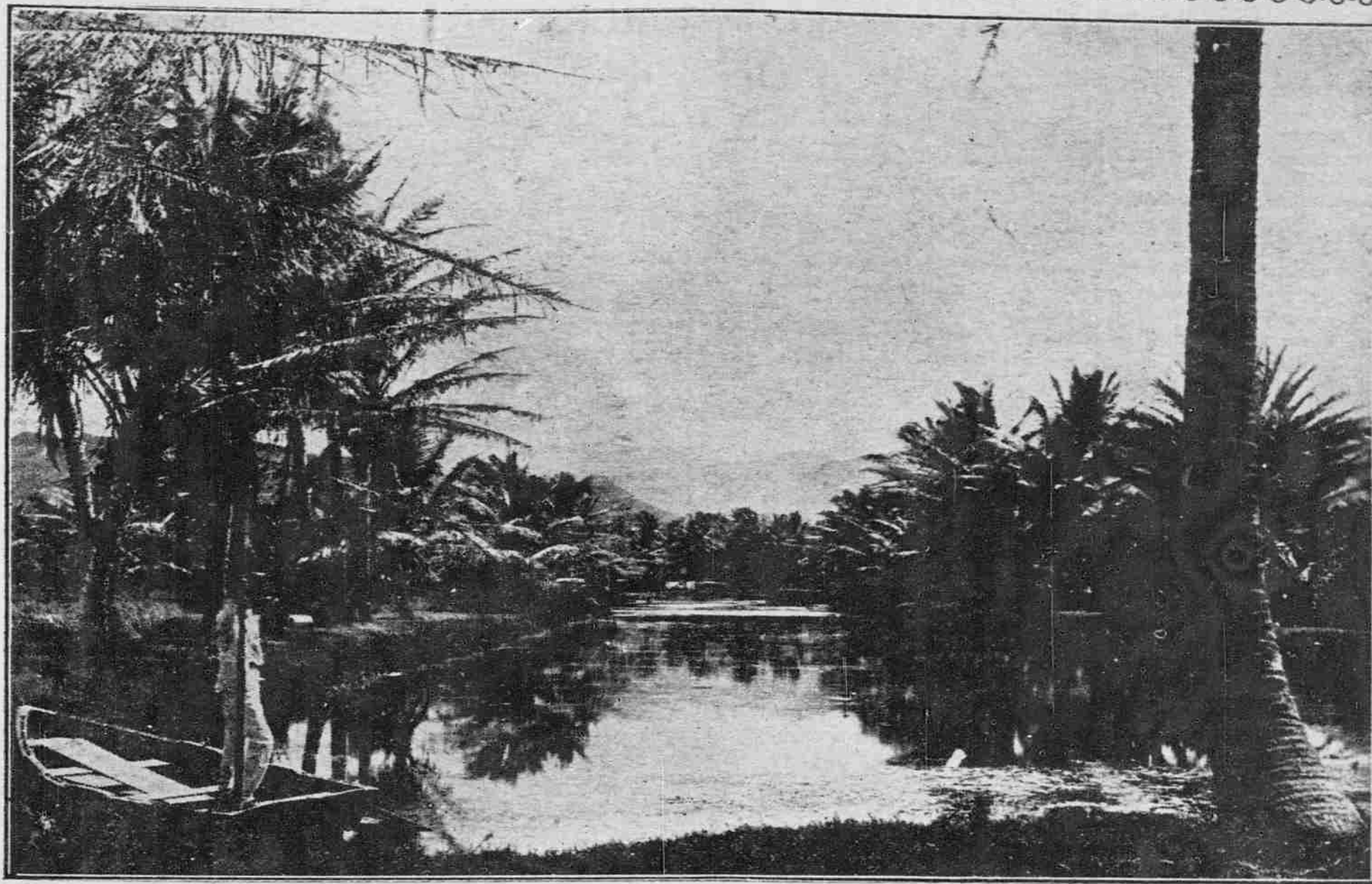
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A SCENE IN HONOLULU.

## THOMAS FITCH'S REVISED ESSAY ON R. G. INGERSOLL

Some weeks ago the Sunday Advertiser published the first draft of Thomas Fitch's article on Robert G. Ingersoll in an incomplete form. Since then the article has been finished, and as its place in the Sunday series has passed, it is given herewith to readers of the Daily.

When Robert G. Ingersoll passed out of this life, he was the greatest English speaking orator in the land. The Christian world is of opinion that he misused his great powers, but few will deny him their possession. He was full of virtue, aggressive, original thoughts, which he clothed in graphic, forceful and beautiful language. He was an artist in choosing, grouping and shading words. He was an admirable elocutionist, and a great actor. He knew how to rub the smell of the lamp from a written speech, and how to memorize it so perfectly as to divest it of all appearance of being the offspring of preparation. He knew how to mingle pathos with humor, philosophy with passion, and analytical logic with stinging invective.

The art of which he was a great master is passing away. There are few, if any public speakers in this country today, who hold the same rank in public estimation and influence as orators that was held by Clay, and Webster, and Prentiss, and Phillips, and Sumner, and Yancey, and Beecher, and Chapin, and Baker, and Sturt King in the times in which they lived.

This is due in part to the fact that the great, burning, living issues of forty years ago have passed away, and forests grow above the graves of those who perished amid the shock of arms in order to secure freedom to the slave and life to the nation. An eloquent speech is as much the child of the occasion as of the orator, and the economic questions of this day call rather for logical reasoning than for passionate appeal. The inexorable laws of demand and supply affect oratory as well as more material commodities. Of old the ambitious youth studied to become an orator, in the hope that by his eloquence he might achieve a seat in the legislative hall. Now he plots to become a millionaire, for he knows full well that the surest way to obtain the toga, is not to earn it by cultivating mental powers to be devoted to public service; but to buy it from the bosses who lead the ward heelers—those modern Pretorian guards who sell Senatorships as their prototypes sold the imperial purple—for so much gold counted down upon the drumheads.

The press has also been a potent instrumentality in procuring the passing of the orator, for people do not care to be jostled in a crowd when they can read the speeches next morning while comfortably seated at the breakfast table.

Whatever the reason may be, the fact is patent that the voices which of old could stir the blood of listeners as with the blare of trumpets, and tingle their eyelids to tears, have gone into the great silence, and their successors come not, for Commercialism has discouraged the orator and driven him from the path along which high ambition once pointed the way to fame.

Ingersoll held the stage longer than any of his contemporaries, because he left the beaten path, and discussed the problem of the ages fearlessly and eloquently from his own point of view. He was not—as has sometimes been said, "an infidel for revenue only." He was an honest apostle of the gospel of annihilation. He believed in eternal death as sincerely as Calvin believed in eternal damnation, and he roasted orthodox in speech as Calvin roasted Servetus at the stake. Ingersoll believed that the dying infant passed on forever—never to live again, save in the grasses and the flowers. Calvin believed that God snatched the smiling child from its mother's arms, only to hurl its predestined baby soul into an abyss of unending torture. Ingersoll denied the existence of a

personal God, or of a pre-arranged fate for man. Calvin asserted that there was an individual Creator, whose delight was to call into existence millions of souls, whom in the hour of their birth he foredoomed to eternal flames. Both Calvin and Ingersoll were honest in their beliefs, and both were wrong. Calvinism has not helped Christianity. Our human sense of justice is shocked by the doctrine of salvation by selection of a few, and eternal torture of the many.

The late Benjamin F. Butler once related in my hearing an incident of his student life at an orthodox college. The rules required every scholar to attend upon Divine Service three times every Sunday. "One Monday morning," said Butler, "I sent a letter to the President of the College, requesting to be exempted from compliance with this rule. I recalled the fact to the President, that in his sermon of the day before, he had stated that probably not more than one soul in twenty would be elected for salvation; that the other nineteen, in order to illustrate the glory of God, must burn forever, and that their sufferings would be greater in proportion as their opportunities while on earth for religious instruction were larger. I reminded the President that the proportion of one to nineteen would not only exclude all the students from salvation, but that even some of the Professors would be placed on the fuel pile. I said that I could not hope to be preferred to a College Professor, and since I had to go to hell anyhow, I did not wish, on account of having listened to three sermons a week while on earth, to be accorded hereafter a pit ticket near the boiler. I therefore respectfully requested to be excused from further attendance at chapel."

"Did the President excuse you, General?" queried a listener. "He did," was Butler's reply. "He excused me not only from further attendance at church, but from further attendance at that College."

Ingersoll had the courage of his convictions. He was once a passenger upon an Atlantic liner, when a terrific storm menaced the ship with destruction. An affrighted passenger said to him, "Oh! Colonel Ingersoll, don't you recognize that our only hope of safety is in the mercy of Providence?" "No, sir," replied Ingersoll, "My hope and trust is in the genius of man, which has constructed this strong and splendid ship, and in the skill of its officers to baffle the efforts of your Providence, which seems at present to be doing its best to drown us." "Oh! Colonel Ingersoll," pleaded the terrified questioner, "Don't, don't talk in that way or you may bring upon us a judgment that will send us all to the bottom." "What," replied Ingersoll, "will Providence drown all the rest of you, merely to get at me? I think better.

The principle of evolution does not sustain the doctrine of Ingersoll and others, that the life of a man ceases with the life of his body, for if a man has been evolved from lower forms of

life, who shall say that a higher form of life may not be evolved from man? The invertebrate dies and the fish appears, the fish perishes and the amphibious animal appears, he gives way to the reptile, which is succeeded by the mammal, and from the mammal is developed man. But why stop here? The materialist tells us that our belief in a future existence is born of our vanity; that we consider ourselves of so much consequence that one life is not enough for us. Is it not greater vanity for a man to assume that he is so perfect that Nature's great process of evolution must stop with him? The materialist says "Angels? What do you want with angels? A God? What do you want with a God? A higher order of being than we? It strikes me my Christian friend that you are rather hard to satisfy. It strikes me that Nature has done her level best right here!"

Look at him! The insect! Crawling over the surface of this particular atom of the Universe which we call the earth and complacently insisting that the vast planetary systems which are daily born into space, are so many chemical experiments for his delectation, and that the nightly round of stars is a Heavenly circus for his amusement. The worm! wriggling upon the ground; unable to live but in one element of his little world. The live goose that cap lives in three elements is his physical superior, any dog can outrun him, and any flea can out-jump him. He is unable even to gaze at the embers of ether without blinking, and yet he fancies that Nature is so enamored of him as to cease all further efforts at development, that the name has been reached in him, that he is perched upon the pinnacle of creation, when in truth he is but one link in the endless chain which stretches out over the purple paths of space, from the depths of night to the home of the singing stars.

Because our mortal senses cannot perceive the beings evolved from us and into which we merge, shall we therefore say that there are no such beings? Can you see the wind which sometimes whirls forests and villages in demon waltzes to the music of the shaking hills? Can you see the electrical force which saturates earth and air when a copper wire is dropped into sulphuric acid? Does the fish in the sea know that there are animals who walk the earth? Did anybody ever believe the humorist's story of the educated oyster, who recognized his master's whistle and responded to his caress?

If man is the offspring of inferior life, why shall he not be in turn the parent of superior life? The invisible body that dwells within and rules this physical body, and goes out of it at death; the electric pattern on which the bioplasm weaves nerve and muscle and vein and bone and cuticle; the astral body of the Buddhist, the spiritual body of which Paul speaks has indeed no form that the physical eye can see, and no substance that the physical hand can seize. But why may not the unseen fingers of the spiritual body control visible matter even as the unseen fingers of the electric magnet wrest from the unseen grasp of the attraction of gravitation the possession of an iron rod.

Because in the development below  
(Continued on Page 6)

## REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS

HONOLULU, OAHU.

Recorded Feb. 11, 1904.

D. D. Abreu & wf. to St. Antonio Ben. Soc., mtg. Realty at Alewa, 12,495 sq. ft., bldgs., etc.; \$600, 2 yrs. at 10 per cent. Feb. 9, 1904.

S. Kalapoepe & wf. to Ako, mtg. Realty at Kailua, 2 acres; \$100, 5 yrs. at 12 per cent. per an. Feb. 2, 1904.

Kaplan Est., et al. to W. C. Achi, par. rel. Lot 14, Blk. H, Kapiolani Tract, Kalihi, 5000 sq. ft.; \$325. Feb. 5, 1904.

Hawn, Dredging Co. to Hawn, Land & Imp. Co., Ltd. Realty at Kuwili, 2500 sq. ft.; \$400. Feb. 9, 1904.

S. C. Dwight & wf. to Bank of Hawaii, adl. chg. Realty at Kaalawa, Kipahulu; \$1500. Feb. 11, 1904.

E. W. Jordan to F. A. Schaefer, Warranty D. Realty near corner Nuuanu and Wyllie Sts., 1 40-100 acres, bldgs., etc.; \$4000. Feb. 4, 1904.

J. H. Mackenzie to S. C. Stibbard, Rel. Lot 16, Blk. 6, Kewalo Tract, 5000 sq. ft., bldgs., etc.; \$200. Feb. 10, 1904.

Pacific Land & Imp. Co. to S. C. Stibbard, Warranty D. Lot 16, Blk. 6, Kewalo Tract, 5000 sq. ft., bldgs., etc.; \$500. Feb. 10, 1904.

August Dreier, mtgce., gives notice of intention to foreclose mtg. and of sale of land at Pawa on March 12, 1904, at 12 m. of Jas. McQueen, mtgr.

EWA, OAHU.

C. B. Smith, et al. to Hawn, Land & Imp. Co., Ltd., D. Lots 10 and 23, Blk. 16, Pearl City; \$220. Dec. 31, 1903.

MAKAWAO, MAUI.

A. G. Burchardt Aston to L. von Tempky, par. rel. Realty at Puu-malei, 187 75-100 acres; \$3500. May 29, 1903.

DISTRICT COURT.

Won Loui Co. vs. Sun Lock Co., execution, \$280.10.

Fresh Limes.

In quantities to suit at reduced prices. Clark Farm Co., Ltd., 1139 Fort street.

ROOSEVELT GIVES HAT TO OLD SOLDIERS.

When President Roosevelt was in Grand Island, Neb., last summer, on his way to the Pacific coast, he wore a slouch hat which excited the admiration of the veterans at the Old Soldiers' home there, who turned out to greet him. They continued to talk about that hat during the summer and ensuing fall, and efforts were made by them to procure it from the president as a memento of his visit to Grand Island. When Judge Norris went to congress from the Grand Island district, the inmates of the Old Soldiers' home requested him to call on the president and try to get the coveted hat for them. Accordingly, Judge Norris called upon the president recently, and told him of the desire of the veterans to get his old hat. Colonel Roosevelt smilingly hunted it up and gave it to the congressman, who will immediately send it to the Grand Island home with the president's compliments to the old soldiers.

"FATHER OF THE HOUSE."

Representative Nehemiah D. Sperry, of the Second Connecticut district, is the father of the house in point of years and therefore in a class by himself. He was 75 years old at his last birthday and yet his step is as elastic and his mind as bright as when he first entered politics away back in the '50s. Mr. Sperry is one of the founders of the Republican party. He was secretary of state for Connecticut when only 27 years of age, and during Lincoln's time was secretary of the Republican committee and of the executive committee of seven. For twenty-eight years he was postmaster of New Haven, having been named by Lincoln the first time. The achievement he is most proud of, perhaps, is that he went on the bond of the builder of the Monitor, which whipped the Merrimac. He with the other bondsmen, would have lost his all had the Monitor failed.

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